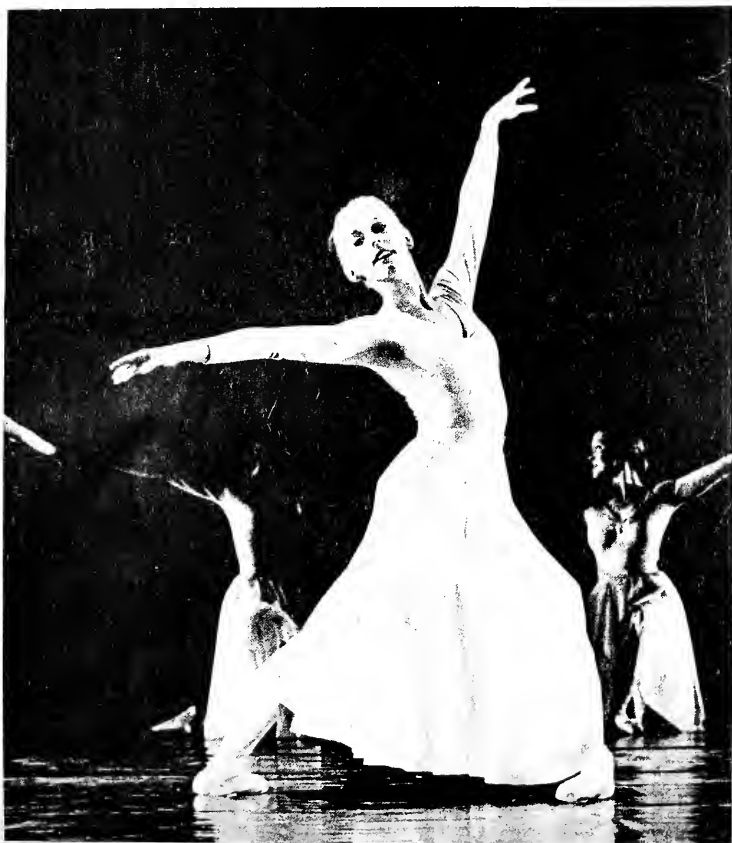


FALL WINTER 1977

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poetry

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Coraddi is the fine arts magazine of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

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Submissions are now being accepted for the next issue of *Coraddi*. Students of UNC-G and members of the Greensboro community wishing to join the staff should drop by the *Coraddi* offices, Room 205 Elliott Hall UNC-G. Undergraduates not interested in working for the magazine but wishing to meet and talk with other writers may contact the Undergraduate Writers Meeting through the *Coraddi* office.



CREATIVE WRITING IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—1977

The following poems and stories are by young children from Holloway Street and Fayetteville Street Schools in Durham, N.C.

CCAPS (Council for Creative Artists in the Public Schools) is a program designed to place artists in classrooms with children so that the children can learn to tap the creativity within themselves.

The procedure for class was simple. In the case of the I used to be? but) now poems, I asked the children to tell me what about them was different now than it had been for them a long time ago. I told them that their changes did not have to conform to any present standard of reality, that is, if they were lions before and had turned into lipsticks after, that they should feel free to write that. Many told me that they used to believe in Santa Claus but now they had their doubts, while others told me that they had used to be "BOBO BIRDS!" but now they were just frogs.

For the dreams, I asked them to try and remember any dream they could and write it down. Many said that they never dreamed, but mysteriously enough, after sitting down and talking with them one after another, the dreams began to pour out—some had nightmares.

I told the children not to be concerned about spelling, or grammar. If they needed a word spelled, they would raise their hands and I would go over and write it down quickly for them and move on to other raised hands.

These poems and stories are but a small sample of their work. I wish I could have included one poem from each child. Unfortunately, space will not permit.

I would like to thank Janice Palmer for her wise council and her patience with me as I learn about teaching; my colleagues in the CCAPS Project; the 12 or so teachers that I am presently working with and most of all the children. They are teaching me more than they realize and I am grateful for it.

Lawrence Bullock
October 1977



WHAT I DREAMED

I dreamed that I had a house
with two babies in my hands.
I was at home on Morning Glory
feeding the babies.

I went outside to get some air.

—Maurice
Mrs. Claiborne's class
Fourth grade
Holloway St. School

The Story of a little girl who
can't Stop Dreaming

Now read the story if you like to...

Part I

One day there was a little girl named Charlotte. She was out doors playing with the boys and girls and soon it got dark. Her mother said, "It's time to go to bed now, Charlotte," and she went to bed, and her mother said "Goodnight Charlotte," and then she said "Goodnight mother," and her mother cut off the light and she fell to sleep.

Part II

And then she started dreaming and you know what she dreamed of? What she dreamed was that a man was in her bed and she started to fight the bed, but I want to know what she was dreaming of. Then her mother came in her room. She saw Charlotte fighting the bed in her sleep, she went in the room and said "Charlotte, what's the matter? "

THE END

—Charlotte
Mrs. Claiborne's class
Fourth grade
Holloway St. School

I had a dream that I was an actress, they wanted me to play the role of a rich person named Ponyettia and they paid me \$15,000 dollars. I was glad and was going to buy a new car but on my way to the car company, I had a wreck and when the man got out of the car, he had a big cobra in his hand and said I know I have to do this so he put the SNAKE ON MY LAP! AND!

I woke up, thank goodness.

Anonymous
Mrs. Ribet's class
Sixth grade
Holloway St. School



I USED TO BE/BUT NOW

I used to be a boy but now I'm a little girl
Yesterday I was an alcoholic but now I'm a soda freak
Tomorrow I was a bum but
Yesterday I was a witch.
When I was born I had no mother
I think I was a bird but now I'm a hippo.

—Amanda Brown
Mrs. Bond's class
Sixth grade
Fayetteville St. School

Once I was a skunk and I changed into a tree stump. And then I was a blackboard—teachers and children wrote all over me, so I changed into the creature from the black lagoon. And then I turned into a hobo. And then into a desk and then into a piece of mud with mayonaise all over me, oh how I tasted so good. But now I'm a person writing a poem.

—Lori McAllister
Mrs. Bond's class
Sixth grade
Fayetteville St. School

INSPIRE ME SOME OTHER TIME

Oh, inspiration is a thing
That keeps the poets rhyming,
That keeps the authors writing books—
The trouble is—the timing.

You're trying to sleep,
You've tried to count sheep,
But your restlessness will not diminish.
You're so very tired,
But still—you're inspired;
So stay up all night till you finish.
Next day you arise
With hags under your eyes,
But you're proud of your brand-new creation.
You could have slept
But you would have wept
If you'd forgotten your inspiration.

Oh, inspiration is a thing
That keeps mountaineers climbing,
That keeps composers writing songs—
The trouble is—the timing.

You work long and hard
With your name on the card
Of the person or persons who hired you.
But all work must stop—
Let everything drop—
When that earth-shaking thing has inspired you.
But pick on a day
When you've nothing to say
Or to do but to look at the sky.
You twiddle your thumbs—
Inspiration won't come
No matter how hard you may try;

Oh, inspiration is a thing
That keeps the actors miming,
That keeps inventors patenting—
The trouble is—the timing.

Hungry as a bear
You pull out a chair
To sit down to a hot turkey dinner.
But appetite ends,
You say, "Sorry, my friends,
But this is a Nobel-prize winner."
You're hot and you're dirty,
It's almost 12:30,
So you're taking a leisurely bath.
As you soak in the tub,
In the middle of a scrub
You get the best idea you've had.
Oh, inspiration is a thing
That keeps us all from criming,
That keeps the playwrights writing plays,
The trouble is—the timing.

O poet, write your verse so sweet,
And leader, save the nation,
I'll sleep and work and bathe and eat
Bad times come when you are losingest.
No one's around when you're your amusingest.
Confusion comes when you're at your dizziest.
Inspiration comes when you're at your busiest.

—Valerie F. Putney



FROM HIS SON

I
my papa was a big man
when I was but a boy,
his shirt sleeve scratched my ear
when he'd pat me on the back.

I was the eternal soldier
commanding summer's heat;
I was the one-eyed pirate,
the rain, my valiant fleet.

my papa was a strong man
when I would cry at night;
his deep voiced words soaked up my tears
the way stars absorb the black.

I was the berry blood soldier
whom no shadow or tree could baat;
I was the hook-hand pirate
with treasure beneath my feet.

my papa was a wealthy man
when I was full of joy;
and his healing smile was always near
whenever I'd lose a fight.

II

he drank
until the rye came through his eyes;
no fingers,
just five trembles,
whiskey glistened in the sun
like creekwater;
old algae-breath, I called him.
cigarettes had burned his teeth yellow.
age crept its stripes upon him
as veins popping out over his face.
that gold coin the eun
meanwhile ascended my heaven.

toss a silver dollar, it's high noon,
shoot another hole into the moon.
sometimes a pardnar bites the dust;
a cowboy rides when a cowboy must.

you faded into evening,
drowning, gently drowning into darkness,
gently came the darkness
were you too trying to drink the moon,
the Spirit of poets and madmen?
you made the sacrifice of blood:
gave me your name, lent me your shadow.

now you rise
above the drone and draw of age,
leaving the bottle in the dust,
and you stand,
the bottle beneath your heel
in twelve steps.

the journey alone distinguishes us
from our failure.
we do not even own our blood—
it is borrowed and we use it as we can.
we are allowed but two choices;
terror and challenge.

and I sing like Icarus;
my voice paints the sky with decrescendo,
sailing, like a child's kite,
from the clouds into the blue.

—Joe Lithgow

PASSED HOME PAST

Waking up in the morning of noon
 into the pines and blue
 into what we called the real earth
 it was last year's acoustics
 and down the dirt road
 Compared to the trees, his house was underground
 pine beams blood-stained with sap
 coffee and splinters
 cold as winter and warmest with the sun
 water stilled by ice-threat
 blonde briars blocking
 the dirt road
 the only route to take
 and we looking toward town
 like drinkers getting back to that gig
 at home.

Margaret Armour

FROM MADNESS TO A TRICK OR TWO

*Venus tapped me on the shoulder once.
 She rubbed a stubbled half-arm
 over crevices of
 flesh and bone, and
 madness formed her pleasures there.*

*An August day, and I was twelve,
 unknown to melancholy.
 Folly wasn't just a way of life.
 "Come, be my love," she spoke—
 red ribbons and a lace of smiles
 Crying on the wind—
 "The night is young.
 The push and shove
 into a corridor, and
 red lights beaming
 through the fog above her head.
 We
 turned a trick or two (she said)
 beside the river Fate
 (with payment in advance)
 And then I grabbed an oar
 and rowed away a while
 stone-lipped kisses
 rippled on the water's edge.*

Eugene Hayworth

Etchings

*Impressions—
 Sandpaper on glass,
 Sediments
 Return to surface
 Features, faces. Feelings—
 Roughly shaping
 Past, present—
 Fine extractions,
 Drops of water*

Patti Morel

from Incantations

*retrace cautious steps
 sidewalks full of echoes
 sidestreets weaving
 like ghosts of 19th century
 tear the welts from the corner
 sweep the dust from the shelf
 someone lived here... once...
 mon coeur est un desert
 my heart is a desert
 love words are yellow now
 no shadows to sink down
 in with you
 heartbeats drown in sand
 a hurried treasure
 a secret undiscovered
 untold
 even to /hy twin*

—Nancy 'New Age' Foster

SEVENTIES EXPRESSIONISM

She says that he reminds her
 of Vincent Van Gogh
 and we all know
 that she has always wanted to be
 an artist's mistress anyway
 But it is she
 who breathes new fire into the night cafe
 which emits scents of sulfur burning
 strong tobaccos and heady absinthe

She sets the room at the Hotel Plaisance turning
 when he turns down the lamp

Flowers from the street vendors
 she strows along the cracked sidewalks
 and up four flights of winding stairs
 absent minded, she lets tear-like petals fall
 to the wooden floor

With the remains of her crumpled bouquet
 in her hand, she turns the key to the door
 of her two star lodging
 Down on the boulevard the Krishnas
 Sing, and dance in peach meekers
 And the shops smell of incense and
 musk and brass rings

—Nancy 'New Age' Foster

something about a poem

"there's something about a poem"
 the old one said.

the young one only listened.

*"makes a feller feel good.
 but only them kind that
 rhymes you know.
 them others that don't
 ain't really even poems
 but just a jumble
 of junk.
 a poem's gotta make sense.
 why anybody can write
 a poem that don't rhyme."*

"Can you?" the young one said
 nothing more

"i just did"
 the old one said.

so
 the young one left
 and wrote down
 the old one's poem
 but he wrote it in the sand
 beside the pier

and he forgot it
 you know
 so now it is mine

and the old one
 would laugh if he knew.
 he would then
 bait the rest of his hooks
 leaving the gulls
 and the sea
 to write
 their own poetry

—Lisa A. Brown

Latayne and Junior

Roy plunged out of the house with
 an axe, smashed the windows of
 a friend's car, cursed and returned
 to his six-pack, his pint, and a mirror he
 couldn't or didn't want to
 listen to. The anger was in him bad.
 The old man goaded him. The old man's
 wife called him a name. It doesn't matter what
 name. Other men that hung around talked louder
 than the mirror. He couldn't help
 hearing them. Again he staggered to the
 porch to fight, to shut them up, to
 shut everybody up, cause he didn't want them
 talking about him and telling those lies.
 The old man grabbed him around the neck
 and threw him on the brown couch on the
 porch but Roy was meaner than the old man
 and war up and swung but the old man's wife
 had gotten up. Roy's swing missed the old man,
 hit the front porch light globe
 which smashed into the old man's wife's face. She
 went down with a sad thud screaming religious
 epithets.

Latayne and Junior are eight and four respectively.

They live next door.

Latayne drinks a Coke, she tilts the bottle up
 for Junior. Junior doesn't wear any clothes.

"Let's go in the house, Junior," she says
 and they do.

—Lawrence Bullock

Calvin' metaphor

the farmhouse sits there
 there are no horses
 it is pointless to walk.

I sit by the well
 dreaming of Yankee armies passing
 well fed, red-faced
 cursing

you lie asleep inside
 old genteel women snap beans
 obscure relations
 light flashing off rimless glasses
 they eye me from the porch
 open mouthed
 I recall bushmen on Borneo
 warshipping downed pilots.

We visit your mother's grave
 drive back in you aunt's Buick
 and I begin to understand
 Nordic
 and other migrations.

D.E.



The Blues, for my friend Michael

there's somethin' 'bout that man
 sends your soul around I said there is something
 'bout that man there
 keeps sendin' your soul 'round you know

it's somethin' in th' way
 he's smilin' at ya
 Make ya wanna die
 somethin' there makin' him laugh
 just makes ya wanna die
 somethin' in those eyes
 is tellin' ya
 clear and clean

he's laughin' and cryin' at th' same speed
 make ya wanna die
 for th' world in that man
 sends your soul 'round'

so long as he stays and smiles
 keeps on laughin' and cryin'
 keeps ya livin' 'til he's leavin' now he's gone
 and taken all the life away he's gone

and this ol' place is gettin' older and i wanna know
 how you feel
 now he's gone 'n left
 left all the bums and booze and broads behind
 left th' music goin' and th' whistle blowin' and i want to know
 how's it make you feel
 do ya wanna laugh and cry at th' same speed tell it now

You feel like dyin' and don' know why
 so you keep on goin' and don' know why and it's hard
 it's hard to let a man like that go when you're so tired
 hard to let him go so
 hard to stay here when y'know here's no place to be
 and he knows it better.

you know there's somethin'
 'bout that man
 sends y'r soul around lemme hear there is something
 'bout that man there
 sends your heart on up
 to your soul
 goin' 'round' catchin' up
 to the world
 in those eyes on up
 to the soul
 in that heart

pass it on.

—Patti Mord

Urban Renewal

Working this Urban Renewal
on the shady side of town,
Ramshackle houses
too tired to fall on down.

RENT THIS!

A sign beckons to a sucker;
I just smile and shake my head,
pay me, motherfucker!
The planners have covered all the angles
they've got their five year plan;
The streets are straight
the curb is laid
this project is no sham.
But still somehow I can't help but think
as I ride this downtown tram,
that even a slum equipped with paved streets
still ain't worth a damn.

But the kids are alright,
they're just alright. . . .

—Mike Paschal

for Phil

His leaving did not tear the hearts of many;
The stations didn't choose to air his songs
("At any rate," they'd say, "they're much too long:
Our listeners would only sneer, 'Who's he?'"")
The brokers noticed not his song's demise,
And lots were cast by none for his estate.
The publishers found room for him in late
Editions, an inch of love between the lies.
He tired of a prophet's lonely life
And took his own: he asked for nothing more.
His curse was his concern; his heart was worn
By constant lovers' quarrels and searing strife.
And while he rests his lungs after the fight,
The Rolling Thunder clamours in its night.

Nathanael Dresser

from Foreplay

On the bed she lay alongside the cello with the bow in her hand. Her body glistened and was damp with perspiration in the sunset light from the window to her left. I could hear the moan that arose from her throat while she thumbed the bow's ebony frog, wound her little finger on the mother-of-pearl bird's eye, and tightened the nut. In her left hand she held a round cake of black rosin, which she stroked against the taut, female palomino horsehair; to and fro—a white dust cloud. She plucked at the blacked fingerboard of the mahogany cello—aged and varnished—that was to her left. Her bare left arm curled around the neck, her thumb was tucked behind the fingerboard, while her fingers ran back and forth. Her breathing became more pronounced, her moan became a groan, and her fingers flew across the chromium strings. Only then did I notice the waves breaking on the shore a distance from the bungalow as I stood in the doorway of the bedroom with my crossed legs leaning against the threshold. Furiously her fingers crossed the strings, her hips undulated, and a well of sweat formed in the hollow of her chest. Only then did I notice that her eyes were closed.

—Lee Hadrian

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A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

ride on me
I'm a bicycle built for two
either seat will do
place your feet on my pedal
whatever family and friends construe
they have no right to meddle
with a bicycle built for two
grasp the grips of my handlebars
settle into the cockpit
check to the right then the wrong
whereunto start your legs a-pumping
feel your heart a-humping
be careful not to overdo
with a bicycle built for two
pick up speed
ride me hard
with as much speed
as you can accrue
boys and girls are told to ride
on a bicycle built for none
that must be the reason
they never have any fun
but the time is right
and I am rife
to get to know you
boys and girls come one come all
ride a bicycle built for two.

Bendingo Ley Corgay

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